THE PLANET ANDRIUS LIES IN THE ARCAN-BETA SYSTEM, AN ADVANCED CIVILIZATION. ANDRIUS WELCOMES THE ARRIVAL OF THE STARSHIP U.S.S. ENTERPRISE. THE PLANET'S GOVERNOR, DALMON, INVITES CAPTAIN KIRK TO PAY A VISIT
STAND BY, I'M BEAMING DOWN!
STAR TREK
ENSIGN CHEKOV IS CHOSEN TO ACCOMPANY CAPTAIN KIRK.
WITHIN MOMENTS, THE MEN ARE ON ANDRIUS...
I BID YOU GREETING, CAPTAIN KIRK!
BUT THEN, STARTLINGLY...
GOVERNOR! TRAGEDY, GOVERNOR! UTTER TRAGEDY!
ON THE ENTERPRISE.
THE VARTAR MISSILES HIT THE ENTERPRISE...
A SURPRISE ATTACK, SIR! A VORNERIAN SHIP HAS LANDED JUST OUTSIDE THE CITY!
WE'RE UNDER ATTACK!
THEY LAUNCHED VARTAR MISSILES AT THE-THE ENTERPRISE! THEY THOUGHT IT WAS A HOSTILE CRAFT!
MEANWHILE...
INCREDIBLY, THERE IS NO RESPONSE TO KIRK'S ATTEMPT TO CONTACT HIS SHIP!
IF ENTERPRISE IS UNDER FIRE, WE'VE GOT TO GET BACK THERE, DALMON!
DAMAGE REPORTS! IMMEDIATELY! EMERGENCY SQUADS TO AREAS THREE, FIVE, TWELVE.
VARTAR MISSILES, CAPTAIN! THEY ARE DESIGNED TO CLOG... TO CANCEL ALL AN ENEMY'S SYSTEMS! ENGINES-CONTROL-COMMUNICATIONS! EVERYTHING!
THAT WILL BE DIFFICULT, CAPTAIN.
YOU MEAN THERE'S NO WAY I CAN REACH MY CREW?

THEN, BEFORE DALMON CAN ANSWER...
BA-ROOOOMMM!
NYAAAAGH! VORNERIANS!
NNNNFFF!
ZARRK! GET DALMON! THOSE ALIENS, TOO!
FIGHT 'EM OFF, CHEKOV! FIGHT 'EM OFF!
THE ATTACK IS OVER IN SECONDS.
BACK TO THE SHIP! WE HAVE OUR HOSTAGE!
BUT UNARMED AS THEY ARE THE MEN FROM ENTERPRISE ARE VIRTUALLY POWERLESS AGAINST THE AGGRESSORS!
URRRGH!
NNNGGG!
ON ENTERPRISE, THE SITUATION IS CRITICAL!
STEERING COMPLETELY DEAD, MR SPOCK.
TOTAL COMMUNICATIONS BREAKDOWN.
WHAT ABOUT ENGINES, MR SCOTT?
THEY'RE CLOGGED. I'VE TRIED TO BLOW IT CLEAR... BUT IT'S NO USE.
I'LL ORDER WORKING PARTIES OUTSIDE TO TAKE A CLOSER LOOK. IN THE MEANTIME, PASS THE WORD TO ALL SECTIONS TO REMAIN CALM.

WHEN CAPTAIN KIRK, CHEKOV AND DALMON REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS...
WHERE ARE WE?
ON MY SHIP, ALIEN. ON YOUR WAY TO VORNERIA WITH MY SPLENDID PRIZE, GOVERNOR DALMON! I FANCY WE CAN BARGAIN FOR ANDRIUS'S SURRENDER WITH HIM IN OUR CLUTCHES!
SO, I HAVE TO TELL YOU, ARE YOUR PEOPLE ON ENTERPRISE. YOU SEE, WE HAVE A SIMPLE DEFENSIVE SYSTEM ON ANDRIUS. OUR MISSILES CAN INCAPACITATE A CRAFT...
WE'RE REALLY IN A BAD SPOT...
THESE - THESE PEOPLE ARE NOT ALLIES. THEY ARE GUESTS...
BAD LUCK ON THEM. IF MY MASTERS DECIDE THEY ARE OF NO USE TO US, THEY WILL DIE.
... THEN, HELPLESS, IT DRIFTS WITHOUT POWER... INTO A VIOLENT ASTEROID BELT BEYOND OUR PLANET. THERE, IT WILL BE POUNDED AND DESTROYED BY COLLISION WITH A SPACEBORNE ROCK.
NOT IN TIME. THERE ARE REVERSAL MISSILES ON ANDRIUS... BUT WITHOUT MY ORDERS, MY PEOPLE WILL NEVER FIRE THEM. THEY WILL BE TOO BUSY CONFERRING ABOUT MY CAPTURE!
THAT MEANS THAT SPOCK AND OTHERS ARE BOUND FOR CERTAIN DOOM!
YOU CAN'T MEAN IT! IS THERE ANY WAY THEY CAN CLEAR THE ENGINES?
KIRK STARTS WHISTLING. A TUNELESS MONOTONE THAT SOON HAS THE DESIRED EFFECT!
NOW CHEKOV MOVES LIKE A STRIKING SNAKE...
KIRK CAN'T TRUST OPEN SPEECH. HE SCRATCHES OUT A MESSAGE...
ONLY CHANCE — ESCAPE AND TAKE OVER THIS SHIP FOR IMMEDIATE RETURN TO ANDRIUS. TRUST ME
STOP THAT CONFOUNDED NOISE!
ARRRRGH!

GET HIS LOCK ACTIVATOR, SIR!
WHAT NOW, CAPTAIN?
WE'VE GOT SURPRISE ON OUR SIDE! ANY VORNARIANS WE RUN INTO — GUN THEM DOWN! IF WE AREN'T RUTHLESS — WE'RE DEAD!
THE GUNS ARE JUST STUN-FORCE, CAPTAIN!
Y-YES, I-I SURRENDER!
TOGETHER, KIRK AND DALMON RUSH THE BRIDGE...
WHAT..?
ONE MOVE AND YOU'RE DEAD!
OKAY, CHEKOV, LOCK 'EM ALL UP!
THE SHAKEN VORNARIAN DOES AS HE'S TOLD. SOON, HE AND HIS ENTIRE CREW ARE BATTENED DOWN. IN THE CELLS...
WILLINGLY, DALMON CARRIES KIRK'S ORDERS BACK TO CHEKOV IN THE ENGINE ROOM...
TURNING TO PORT, CAPTAIN! CONTINUING TO ONE-EIGHTY DEGREES!
CAN - CAN YOU FLY THIS CRAFT, CAPTAIN?
I THINK SO. THE SYSTEMS SEEM LOGICAL ENOUGH. DIRECTION SEEMS TO BE GOVERNED BY FORWARD JETS...
YOU'RE GOING HOME, DALMON! NOW WE'D BETTER SEE ABOUT COMMUNICATIONS...

BUT MORE PROBLEMS! CAPTAIN KIRK CAN'T FIND OUT HOW TO WORK THE SHIP'S TRANSMITTERS!
CONFOUND IT...
WE'VE GOT TO MAKE CONTACT, CAPTAIN...
ON ANDRIUS...
SENNITAR BATTERY TO CENTRAL CONTROL! VORNERIAN SHIP RETURNING WITHIN RANGE! REQUEST PERMISSION TO OPEN FIRE!
PERMISSION GRANTED! BUT BEFORE THE BATTERY COMMANDER CAN ACTIVATE...
HOLD YOUR FIRE!
STOP! THIS IS GOVERNOR DALMON! ENEMY SHIP IS IN OUR HANDS... REPEAT – OUR HANDS!
LET ME, SIR! I TOOK THE SAME RADIO COURSES AS UHURA...
AND ON ENTERPRISE, HORRIBLY CLOSE TO THE DANGERS OF THE ZONE OF DESTRUCTION...
LISTEN CAREFULLY... THERE IS A VESSEL APPROACHING THE ASTEROID ZONE. RANGE ON IT AND FIRE ANTI-VARTAR MISSILES! ANTI-VARTAR! IS THAT CLEAR?
CLEAR, GOVERNOR!
CONTROL SYSTEMS REACTIVATED!
COMMUNICATIONS CLEARED! I'M GETTING THE CAPTAIN!
BUT AHEAD! SIGNAL SCOTT! FULL THRUST ASTERN!
WELL, MR SPOCK, WE'LL BE WELCOMING GOVERNOR DALMON ABOARD IN ABOUT AN HOUR. BUT FIRST, I'LL TELL YOU WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING TO YOU. YOU KNOW – I THINK MY STORY WILL MAKE EVEN YOUR HAIR CURL...
IN THE NICK OF TIME, DISASTER IS AVERTED. AND LATER, KIRK AND CHEKOV BEAM BACK ON BOARD...